Sex with the young can be fun if you're in the mood. If you're feeling impatient or you feel like you want someone else to take charge, do not have sex with someone inexperienced. But it can be really arousing. One of the best experiences I ever had was with a teenage boy. I think he was a virgin. He hardly had any pubic hair. He was Puerto Rican. He was uncircumcised. He lived in my building and he used to come over to my apartment all the time and just watch me put on my makeup and get ready to go out. He hung around me all the time. He never went to school, so I started giving him reading assignments. I'd have him read out loud. Like Henry Miller's The Tropic of Cancer or something really arousing. Whenever he got ready to leave he'd kiss me goodbye, but the kisses started getting more and more daring on his part and I just went with it. Then one day his parents kicked him out of his apartment and he wanted to know if he could spend the night at my house. I told him he could but I only had one bed. So we both got in it and I couldn't sleep, so I had sex with him and it was really awesome because he was so young and so in wonderment of it all. He was fearless. He would do anything. He wasn't very big. He was just a baby. See, I'm not a size queen. But it was excellent. He went down on me and I think I had an orgasm in two seconds. I was so turned on; it was probably the most erotic sex I ever had. But he gave me crabs. That's what you get. So you win some and you lose some.

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The best way to seduce someone is by making yourself unavailable. You just have to be busy all the time and they'll be craving to see you. Then you don't fuck them for the first five dates. Let them get closer and closer but definitely don't fuck them. Be disinterested. Not too disinterested, they'll think they're barking up the wrong tree. But it's always good to play hard to get. Good perfume is really important too. Everyone is a sucker for garter belts. You wear a dress and stockings and garter belts. You don't let him have you, but at some point you have to make him see that you have a garter belt on. No underpants is also a big turn-on. Sucking on your finger every once in a while doesn't hurt, like in the middle of dinner. Telling jokes is good. And on every date you have to say one really disarming thing.

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There's no better way to wake up in the morning than with my lover's cock inside of me. Usually he takes me from behind. This is my favorite position because I can lie there pretending I'm sleeping while he slides himself in and out of me. I let him think he's being so clever, getting off without me knowing it. Fat chance! But I let him think he's getting away with something anyway. After he's worked himself up a bit, I put my finger in my mouth for a little lubrication, then I sneak it down between my legs and rub my clit until I'm so excited that I have to pretend that I have just woken up. My pussy is getting too juicy and my body is starting to move with his, so I stir and stretch and yawn and give a little hint of surprise and annoyance, just so he doesn't take me for granted. I tell him to stop and let me sleep. Believing he can change my mind he continues to grind me, but I don't want to come yet, so I pull away from him and he lies there pouting like a sullen child, frustrated and hard. I turn around and kiss him sweetly and say, "Maybe later," and pretend to drift off into sleep. When I'm sure he thinks I'm a rotten girlfriend I climb on top of him and slide his dick, which is always hard (thank God), inside of me. I don't mind continuing this scenario in the driver's seat. This is the best way for a girl to get fucked without any digital manipulation, 'cause you can move your pussy any way you want. You can take his cock deep or shallow and you can be sure your clit is getting worked good 'cause you're guiding your own weight on top of him. It's so easy for me to come this way and it's only a matter of seconds before I do. I watch my come gush out of me and I wet my fingers in it and rub his nipples that are so hard I could break them. He tells me he wants to come and I say, "Wait for me, baby." So he slaps my breasts, which I love almost as much as when he slaps my ass. Not too hard but hard enough to sting. Like a cat in heat I drag my clit on that beautiful piece of flesh just above his dick. I am painting him with my pussy, mastering the art of fucking. He grabs on to my ass like he's working a jack hammer. Digging his fingers into my flesh, moving my pussy on his cock faster and faster. He says, "I'm gonna come, baby. I can't hold it any longer!" I love that helpless sound in his voice. I tell him not to close his eyes when he comes. I want to look in them. I want to see the moment of surrender when he loses control. When he gives in to me. Finally I'm ready. I let his train go riding through me. Tearing up the inside of my pussy, fucking me good and hard. We come together, waking up the neighborhood. I fall on top of him drained and drift back into sleep, and I dream that my lover's cock is inside of me, and he's taking me from behind sliding himself in and out of me. (continued on page 154)

Pillow Talk? Some people do it really well. Some people do it so badly that you break up laughing and you just can't go through with it. I had a boyfriend who laughed every time he came. Some people know how to talk and some people don't. With some people it's an affectation and they think that's what you want, that you need that. Other people know how to do it and it just clicks. It's like phone sex. Some people know how to do it and some don't. Phone sex can be excellent. It's an absolute neces sity if you're separated from some- body you love. Thank God for Ma Bell. Screaming and loud noise making really annoys me. I hate it when guys come and don't make any noise and you can't tell if they came or not. But one time I was fucking this guy and every time he came he was so loud I finally had to smack him. I was sure the whole neighborhood could hear us.

New York

Dear Johnny,

Things have not been the same since you left. I hardly ever think about my pussy. I get the same way with chocolate. First I can't get enough and then if you so much as mention the word truffle I get queasy.

It's not that I get sick thinking of my pussy, it's just that it needs arrest. I guess worse things could happen to a girl. Did you have fun with ~~the~~ Ingrid and me? I suppose we can get to be annoyingly demanding but we were both soooo horny and we had a week alone to torment each other till you arrived. After seven days we were dying for your cock. Thank God we found those Trojans in my cosmetics case cause we were gonna break down and use Zip Lock Bags.

By the way I don't mind sharing you with Ingrid cause I love you ~~two~~ both and I'd rather have you eating the same pussy I do at home than eating out. See you on the weekend!

Love XX
DITA

When I was a child I used to sit on the toilet backward and wait for the burning sensation between my legs to go away. I did not understand that if only my finger had found it's way to my pussy the aching would have subsided. That all the twisting and pulling and rubbing and scratching of my arms and my legs would not satisfy my hunger. That the wetness in my underpants had nothing to do with my mother overdressing me. But as a child I did not have the words to ask, so I stayed on fire and burning, tormented and yearning until that glorious day when finger found flesh and with legs spread open and back arched, honey poured from my 14-year-old gash and I wept.

Doctor: Tell me about your dreams.
Dita: I never know when I'm going to have a sex dream. They just come out of the blue. I usually have lesbian sex dreams with people I know. Once in a while a stranger steps in, but generally it's people I know and generally it's with people I would be just horrified to have sex with. Like my maid.
Doctor: You had a sex dream about your maid? Is she cute?
Dita: She's not cute. In fact I just fired her.
Doctor: Did you fire her because of the dream?
Dita: No, I fired her because she can't clean. Maybe that's why I had a sex dream about her. Because I tend to get involved with lazy, irresponsible people and maybe that was a gross exaggeration of it. Me having sex with my maid who can't clean.
Doctor: I am the doctor here. Tell me, how did this dream begin?
Dita: It started off with me being arrested in Paris. What's wrong? Why do you have a dirty look on your face? Should I go on?
Doctor: Yes, go ahead please.
Dita: I can't talk when you have that look on your face.
Doctor: It will be gone in a few moments.
Dita: Okay, I was in Paris and I was getting ready to get on a plane. I'm standing on a street and all of a sudden I'm surrounded by French police and they are saying, "We are sorry madame, but we are going to have to arrest you." I said to my manager, "They've got to be kidding. I didn't do anything. What are they going to arrest me for? It must be a joke." He said, "Well, you have to go, but don't worry, we'll get you out. It's a mix-up."
So they took me in to the police station, they strip searched me and took me into the showers and scrubbed me. I'm totally freaking out. I'm screaming, "I haven't done anything! This is a really mean joke!"
Then they throw me in a cell and slam the door. I'm sitting there really upset trying to figure out ways to escape and they come in and say, "We're going to let you hang out with some of the other prisoners now." So they take me into this room, a big huge room with row after row of beds like in an orphanage and I walk down the rows and each bed has the last name of the person who occupies it on the end. I get to this bed that has my boyfriend's name on it. And I see that he's fucking somebody and I'm horrified. It's this little blonde chick. So I pull him off of her and I notice that it's Cyndi Lauper.
Doctor: Very interesting.
Dita: So I pull him off and I said, "You disgusting pig! How could you fuck somebody? And most of all, how could you fuck Cyndi Lauper?" All of a sudden we were in another room and I was beating up on him, saying, "How could you do that to me? How could you do that to me?" He says, "Oh, man! She's not the only person I fucked. I fucked your maid." I said, "You fucked my maid? You disgusting pig! How could you fuck my maid?"
He said, "Not only that but I fucked Stephanie Seymour."
So I started beating up on him and then he started doing all these weird gymnastic routines...this doesn't sound like a sex dream, I know...
Doctor: Please go on.
Dita: So he's doing handstands and one handed handstands and then he lowered himself to the floor and started humping the floor. I said, "What are you doing?" He said, "I'm free-jacking, man. I'm free-jacking." I said, "What's free-jacking." He said, "Yeah, you don't know me. I was free-jacking before you met me and I'm doing it now." And he just humped the floor.
I got really, really upset and I ran into this other room and I saw a pay phone and I called up my manager and I said, "You've got to get me out of here! Don't you realize this is a publicity stunt? It's only so the French can have something to write about in the newspapers for the next couple of months. I haven't done anything. Get me out of here!"
He said, "We'll be there. We'll do what we can. There's a lot of bureaucracy..."
So I got really mad and I hung up the phone and I sat down in this chair and I started crying. Pretty soon somebody was rubbing me on the back and patting me and massaging the back of my neck and saying, "It's going to be alright. It's going to be alright." It was kind of sexual and I was kind of responding to it and I looked up and it was my maid. She was doing this to me. And then I woke up. But I was attracted to my maid. And that's the last sex dream I remember.
Doctor: How long was this before you fired her?
Dita: Actually, I think I fired her that day.

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Doctor: How long was this before you fired her?
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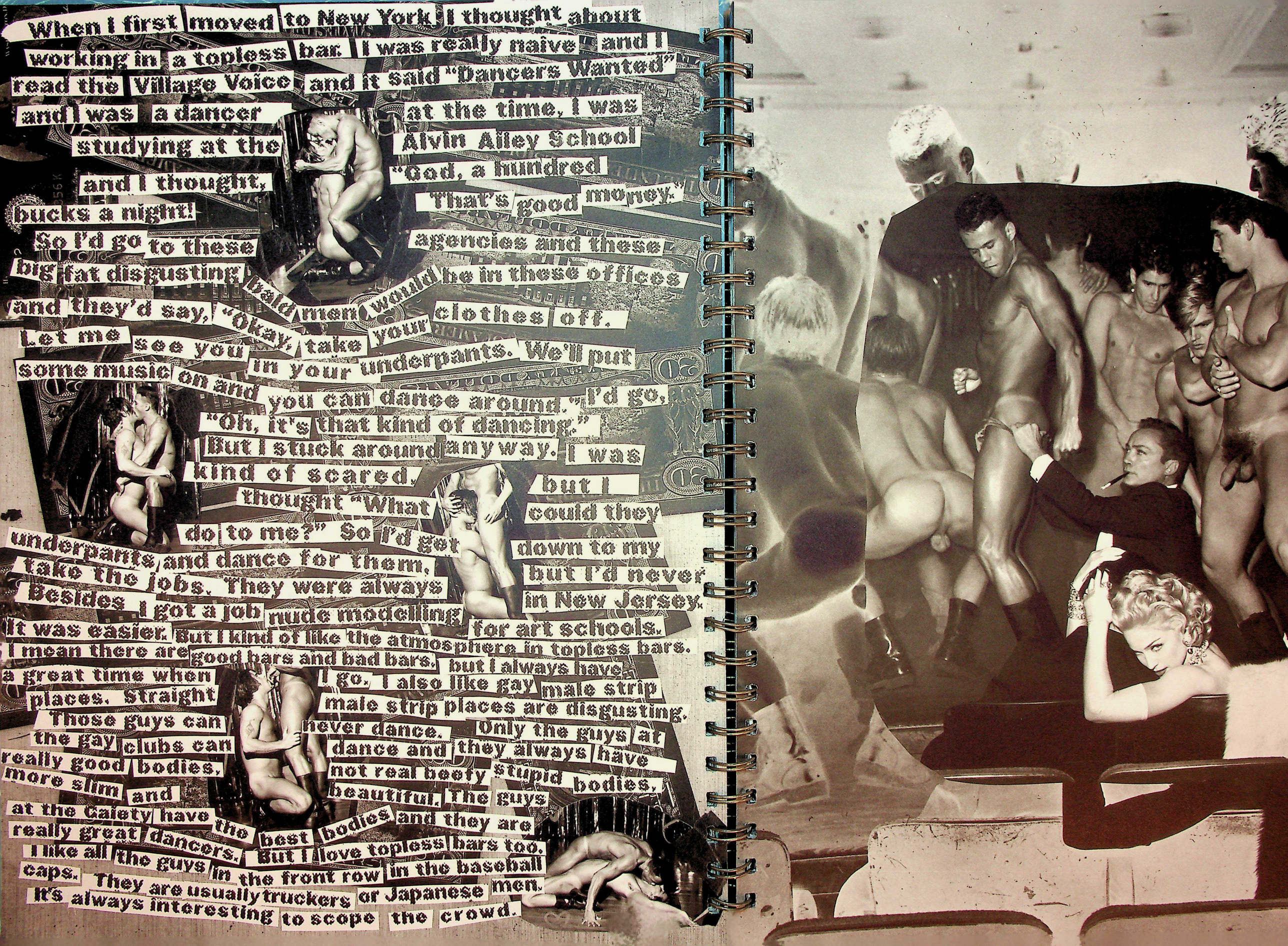
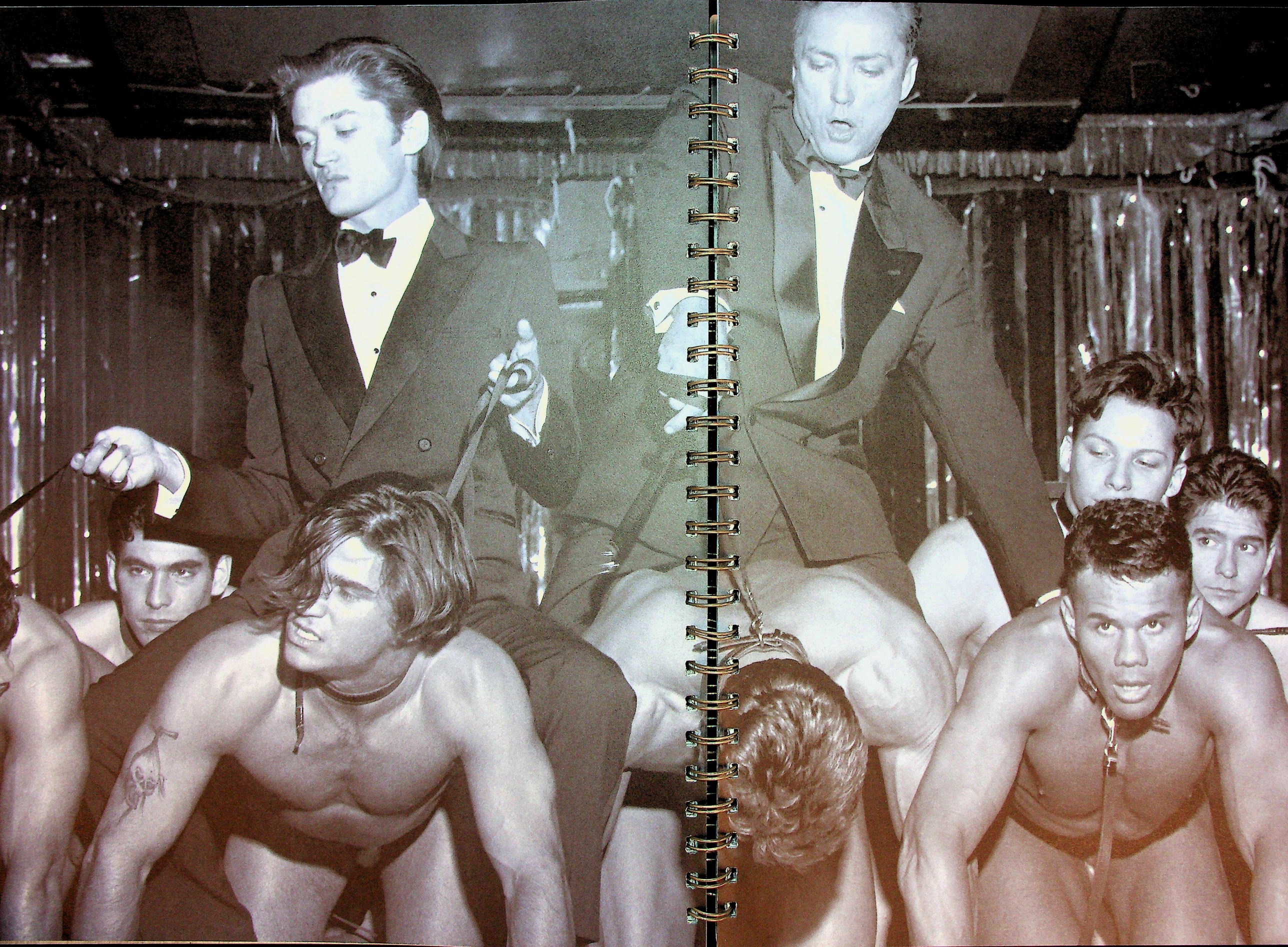
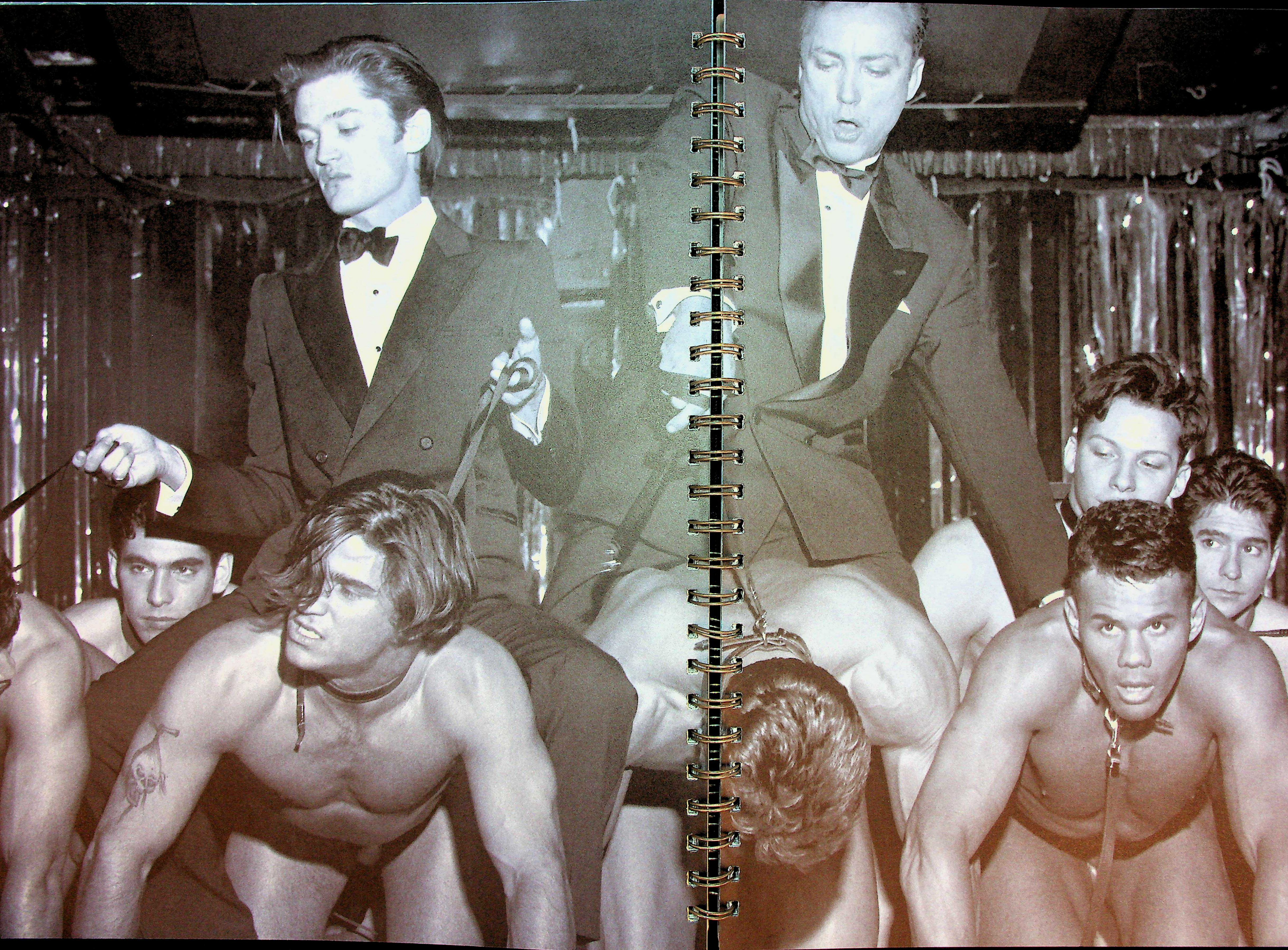
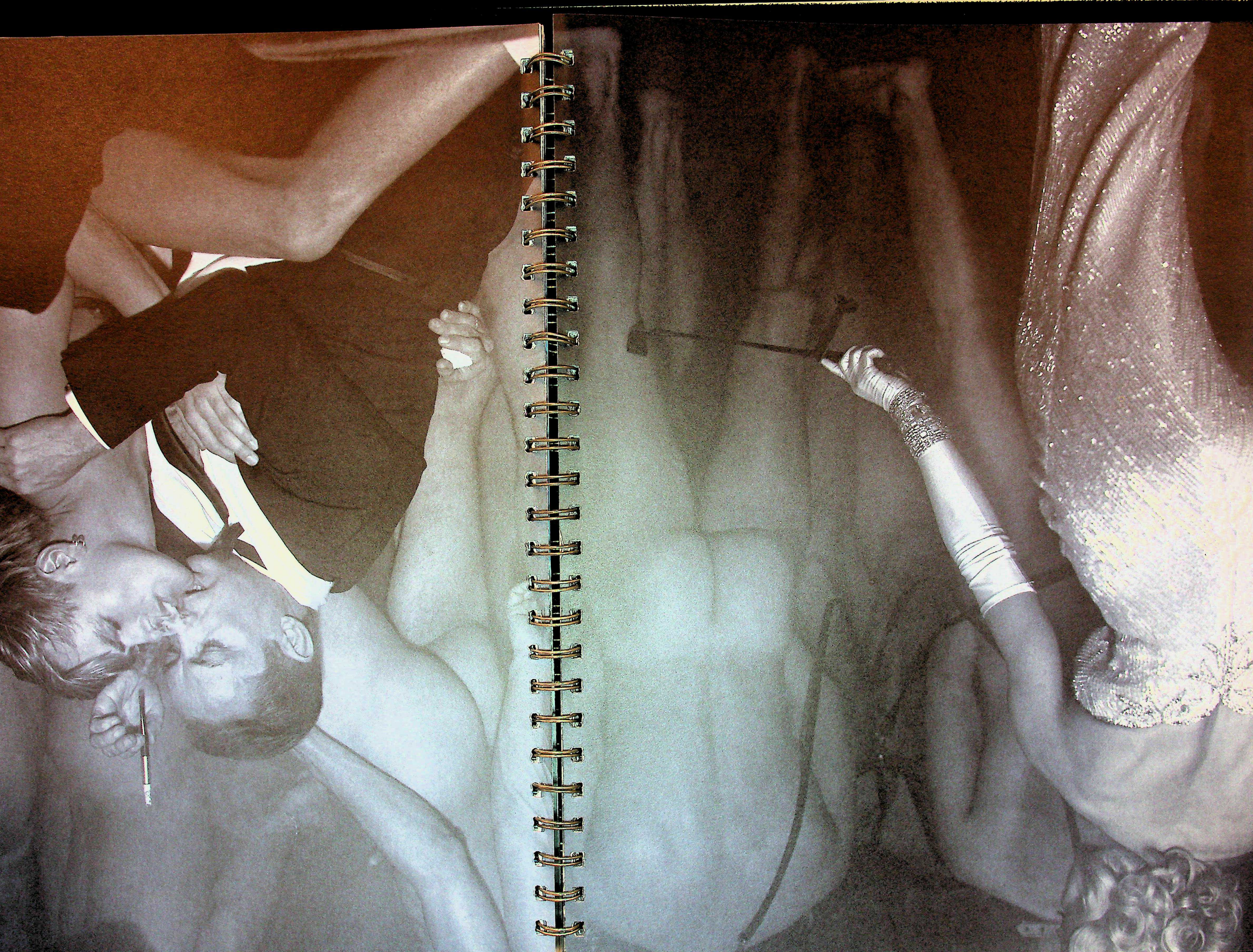
When I first moved to New York I thought about working in a topless bar. I was really naive and I read the Village Voice and it said "Dancers Wanted" and I was a dancer at the time, I was studying at the Alvin Ailey School and I thought, "God, a hundred bucks a night! That's good money." So I'd go to these agencies and these big fat disgusting bald men would be in these offices and they'd say, "Okay, take your clothes off. Let me see you in your underpants. We'll put some music on and you can dance around." I'd go, "Oh, it's that kind of dancing." But I stuck around anyway. I was kind of scared, but I thought "What could they do to me?" So I'd get down to my underpants and dance for them, but I'd never take the jobs. They were always in New Jersey. Besides I got a job nude modelling for art schools. It was easier. But I kind of like the atmosphere in topless bars. I mean there are good bars and bad bars, but I always have a great time when I go. I also like gay male strip places. Straight male strip places are disgusting. Those guys can never dance. Only the guys at the gay clubs can dance and they always have really good bodies, not real beefy stupid bodies, more slim and beautiful. The guys at the Gaiety have the best bodies and they are really great dancers. But I love topless bars too. I like all the guys in the front row in the baseball caps. They are usually truckers or Japanese men. It's always interesting to scope the crowd.



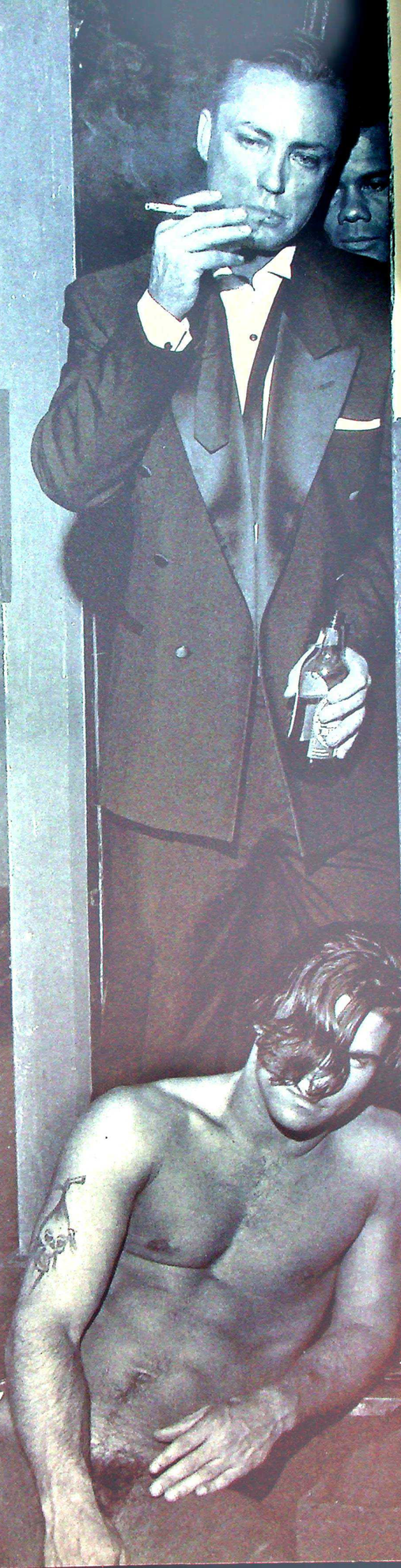




"I love you". The big lies
when they are about to come. Then there's
"I won't come in you- That's the biggest lie.
Believe that one and you'll buy the Brooklyn
Bridge. Then there are guys who say "I have
never fantasized about being with a man."
They are lying. And the least offensive
men I've been with in terms of their
sexual politics and how they view me
as a women have been men who have
either slept with men or at least
kissed or held a man once.
It opens up your thinking.
You don't think
that women are less than
you are. And of course
there's "This won't hurt
a bit."



OR CLOSE
CURTAIN
Do Not Touch Curtain
When You Dance on Stage



OR CLOSE
CURTAIN
Do Not Touch Curtain
When You Dance on Stage

My Pussy has nine Lives

My Dog has nine Lives

My Pussy has Nine Lives